

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 155.

The Poet's Corner.

TEACH US TO WAIT!

Why are we so impatient of delay
Longing forever for the time to be?
For thus we live to-morrow in to-day;
Yes, sad to-morrows we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled
To let kind nature do her work alone;
We plant our seed, and like a foolish child
We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now;
We cannot wait for the appointed hour;
Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough,
And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see
That the sad night is mother of the morn;
We cannot think our own sharp agony
May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,
And cry, that death has triumphed, life is void!
We do not trust the promise, that the last
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;
Our feet would walk the city of the saints,
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until thou shalt appear—
To know that all thy ways and times are just;
Thou seest that we do believe, and fear,
Lord, make us to believe and trust! **PHOEBE CARY.**

BINDING SHEAVES.

Hark! a lover binding sheaves
To his maiden sings;
Flutter, flutter, go the leaves;
Larks drop their wings.
Little brooks for all their mirth
Are not blithe as he.
"Give me what the love is worth
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne
Tells the story through;
I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew,
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet,
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest,
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, "Weigh me not with earth,
Love's worth is love." **JEAN INGELOW.**

HARD ON THE PRINTERS.—Printers are blamed for many things, but the last thing laid to their charge is injuring the woman's rights movement. It is charged that as soon as a lady compositor gets so she can set type pretty well, and is about to become a living argument in favor of the right of women to do men's work, some ruthless male compositor goes right to work in an underhanded manner and marries her. This, they say, can be proved against the printers in lots of cases. We never thought that of the boys.

Our Special Contributors.

PEN PICTURES OF NOTED LADY JOURNALISTS.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

NO. I.

Sunny memories cluster round my heart as I count over the familiar names of the women who, as journalists and magazine writers, have won their way to competence and fame, and who, in their real work-day life, have yet had time for that social intercourse with those of their own kind, which has tended to elevate and refine both the receiver and the giver.

Instinctively, my mind's eye rests first upon the form of a gentle, matronly lady, whose soft, snowy hair lies so smooth about her broad, white brow, and whose sweet Quaker face beams upon me, after this lapse of time, with such a warmth that I feel the glow that always animated me in her presence.

How pleasant it is to recall the small den in which she writes, with its countless rows of papers, books, pictures, charts, and desks, and particularly the one quaint old secretary before which she always sits.

She is no longer young; but the merry light in the blue eyes, and the face guiltless of furrows or frowns, write her victor over time and sorrow. She will never grow old, and is to-day brighter and more active, mentally and physically, than many of her sex who reckon their ages in the primary numbers.

Her's has been a strange life—strange in its simplicity and unvarying routine of daily labor, and beautiful in its lesson to the young, whose model she is.

Charlotte Fowler Wells, as far back as 1835-'6, was a teacher of phrenology, and had large classes in and near Ithaca, N. Y., the first ever formed in this country, and composed of the best citizens of the place. Her father was a strict orthodox Congregationalist deacon for more than forty years, while her home was the seat of such noted hospitality that it acquired the "soubriquet" of the "Minister's Tavern." In fact, the generosity of the whole-souled old gentleman became a cause of complaint with the hotel keepers, who declared they would never make a living until Deacon Fowler moved out of the town. Such was the childhood home of this little motherless girl, who, never having known the blessings of a mother or the cares of motherhood, is to-day honored and beloved by thousands of mothers in America.

Quiet and sedate in those days, even to a remarkable degree, and possessed of a tenacious memory, she won, by her acute observation and correct judgment, the entire confidence of all who knew her, and it was a common expression in her family, that "what Charlotte did not know was not worth knowing."

Her mother was buried the day she was five years old, and from that time she became the

counselor and friend of her father, as she has since been of her brothers, who relied upon her with ever-increasing faith as the years passed on and her powers developed into grander proportions.

It is now nearly thirty-six years since she first espoused a profession, which, as a discovery and new science, is identified with her name, and to which she has devoted her life. In all that time she has not been alone, for her husband works with her, and, of late years, has succeeded her brothers in the editorship of the *Phrenological Journal* and the immense and ever-increasing business of this representative house of literature and science.

Mrs. Wells' benevolence renders her popular with the readers of the journal all over the world, and her pleasant office on Broadway is rarely free from callers, many of whom are strangers from a distance.

Her writings are not so conspicuous in the literary world as her personal individuality is in the charitable and social. Members of the press, especially the younger members, look to her for advice and counsel, and, if need be, for aid, which is never withheld. There are but few writers of her own sex in New York who have not at some time owed much of their success to her wise and judicious admonitions, and hundreds of aspirants throughout the United States look to her now as their only friend, whose humanity is great enough to comprehend their many wants and requirements.

She has been repeatedly urged to write a history of phrenology from its earliest discovery; and it is sincerely hoped that she will consult the true interests of the cause, and give this volume to the world. Such a work is much needed, and no living person could do this half so acceptably as she who has done so much to dispense its benefits to others.

Mrs. Wells' untiring devotion to routine, and her care of "little things," first established her reputation as a successful woman; while, in the later years of her life, the careful outlay of her numberless charities renders her name as familiar as household words in the great city in which she has won her fame and fortune.

Perhaps the noblest trait in the character of this matchless woman is her espousal of the rights of her sex and her life-long opposition to their inferior, dependent condition. Nobly has she vindicated the trust reposed in her thirty and more years ago by the pioneers who recognized in her a faithful reformer and teacher. To-day she ranks with Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone as among the first who lifted the standard of her sex by assuming, and conscientiously performing, the duties which few men felt themselves competent to undertake. But for a diffidence, which constant endeavor has failed to overcome, she would have been before the world as a public lecturer; but her efforts in this direction have been made in the college,

the class-room and examining-rooms of the *Phrenological Journal* office. A member of Sorosis, holding a position as one of the faculty of the Women's Medical College, and President of the Southern Women's Bureau, Mrs. Wells finds it in her power to effect reformation in countless instances where others have been unable to wield any influence, and accepted as she is as a representative woman, and loved and honored in her positions of wife, sister and friend, she has but few equals, and no peers, in her department of life.

In wishing her a long life on earth, we are but considering the good of her kind; for while her voice and heart are heard and felt in the land, will the cause of truth and goodness be sustained, and the eternal principles for which she ceaselessly struggles be triumphantly promulgated.

In this day of fashionable follies on the one hand, and earnest endeavor on the other, in which, in both instances, women are so inseparably connected, it may not be amiss to point both classes to one of their sex who has stood with the temptations of the one and the blessings of the other before her, yet whose Spartan courage has enabled her to vindicate the exalted sentiments of her heart and mind under the most trying circumstances.

During her stay of several years in Philadelphia, it was her custom to spend, as she does now, every day in her office, and the services of the Sabbath were regularly attended. Living in a large city, and holding a public position, her extreme simplicity enabled her to have but two dresses at a time—both neat calico suits, one of which she wore to church, and the other during the week; yet she was then, as now, remarkable for her neatness and love of order; but she proved that women who have regular pursuits have no desire to ignore them for the sake of dress, and that compensated labor is all the majority of the sex require to make them practical, industrious and economical members of society.

Since those days of effort and comparative poverty, she has been blessed with material wealth; yet again she asserts the same grand truth, for she is as provident and quiet in personal adornment as when, in other years, she displayed her zeal and strength, and has no greater desire for display than when mistress only of a simple wardrobe. Her wealth and her time are given to nobler uses than others appreciate, and she lives in deeds what many of her sex express in words.

Surely with such examples of the present there will be countless representatives in the future, and the young of the next generation will owe their opportunities to such teachers of to-day as Charlotte Fowler Wells and others of that pioneer army, whose firm tread is heard in the land, and whose efforts will not cease until every vestige of slavery is wiped from the laws of earth.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

[The following letter is addressed to a friend of the writer, in answer to some inquiries concerning "side issues."—ED. REVOLUTION.]

CHICAGO, December 8, 1870.

My Dear Friend: Your letter, asking for an expression of Western opinion and feeling as to "side issues," is just at hand.

I can assure you that the West, so far as I

am able to judge, has very little sympathy for the narrow-minded, sectarian policy of the *Woman's Journal*. The West is catholic in spirit, and demands free speech and a free press.

The *Woman's Journal* has some able contributors, but it does not stick to its text of "no side issues;" if it did it would be a very dry paper. I cannot help thinking that there is a motive, *not stated*, in this sudden outcry of the *Journal* against side issues.

Mrs. Stanton and THE REVOLUTION may be right or they may be wrong in their opinions with regard to marriage and divorce; but surely these subjects, as connected with woman's suffrage, are as proper subjects for discussion on its platform as education and temperance. Indeed marriage, with its conditions, involves the most vital issues of woman suffrage. I think it would be impossible for the advocates of woman suffrage to make any very good arguments in its favor without involving side issues.

Women are not so ready to accept the ballot that we can afford to dispense with any good arguments in its favor. What would convince one person might not another. If we wait till we get the ballot before we discuss side issues, as the *Journal* insists, we may be compelled to wait longer than we can afford to. Side issues have been discussed all the way through the woman's movement. Nothing could have been accomplished without it; and I think it will be necessary to discuss them still further before we shall get the ballot. I am very sure that we must have a great deal more discussion upon a great many side issues before we can make a very good use of it. Discussion educates the mind and eliminates the truth. Let us have it, on the woman suffrage platform, upon every subject connected with woman suffrage.

H. B. Blackwell says: "We demand a repeal of the unjust disabilities which oppress woman as wife, mother, and widow; but we do not discuss the marriage question." Now we think it would be impossible to discuss these disabilities without discussing the laws and relations of marriage.

He says further: "If the law of divorce were different in the case of husband and wife, it would become a proper subject for discussion; but there is no State in the Union where the law of divorce favors one sex at the expense of the other." Now we know that the immediate or avowed causes for divorce are legally the same; but it is a great mistake to infer from this that the laws of divorce place the wife upon a legal equality with the husband. The laws of marriage are unequal, and the laws of divorce do not remove the disabilities of the marriage law. In divorce, the husband still holds the property and the custody of the children, unless some special provision is made in favor of the wife, and in all cases we know that the husband keeps the lion's share of the property.

When Mr. Blackwell stated at the Cleveland Convention that the laws of divorce were equal, a woman, sitting near, said to me: "I know better than that. I am one of those unfortunate divorced women, and though the judge allowed me alimony, I have never been able to get a dollar, though it is five years since I got the divorce." As her husband had the control of the property, he managed to evade the payment of the alimony.

Although the causes for divorce are legally the same, public opinion and the customs of society operate strongly in favor of the husband. A woman is expected to be so much more virtuous and temperate in all her habits and conduct than a man, that it requires much stronger evidence against the husband than against the wife to prove him guilty of giving just cause for divorce. A mere breath of suspicion, a little slander, and a little circumstantial evidence, are enough to blast the character of the wife, and give her husband a divorce.

It is as necessary, in the work of reform, to discuss and break down false opinions and customs as to repeal unjust laws. When people refuse to discuss any important question involved in any subject, it looks to me as if they had not sufficient moral courage to abide its true issues, or that they are conscious that they do not understand the question. Now if we do not understand the questions of marriage and divorce, it is the very best reason in the world why we should discuss them on the woman suffrage platform, as they are, most surely, indissolubly connected with woman suffrage.

Do not let us work in the dark. Let the world understand what we mean by the rights of woman, whether in the marriage relation or out of it. I, for one, am willing to defend any issue that I believe to be involved in the ballot for woman.

Although I cannot, without qualification, endorse Mrs. Stanton's views upon divorce, as stated in THE REVOLUTION, yet, believing her to be a true woman, I admire her moral courage in advocating her opinions; and unless I am very much mistaken in her character, we could express our differences on the same platform, or in the same paper, with the most friendly feelings towards each other.

Above all, I admire Mrs. Stanton's womanly sympathy for the many wretched, heart-broken slaves under the yoke of the unequal laws of marriage.

HAWTHORNE'S "HILDA."

BY HELEN HOWARD.

An old Roman tower and a lofty shrine; an image of the Virgin with a lamp kept burning perpetually before it; a flock of white doves skimming about the topmost ledge; a young girl opening the high window, and leaning out in her white dress to scatter crumbs to the doves; these are the romantic accessories with which Hawthorne paints the portrait of Hilda, the artist girl. But the romance is so closely woven with realism, and the traits which belong to clear actuality, that Hilda could not have been other than an American maiden, educated with ideas of personal independence, which made her as softly and courageously fearless as one of her own feathered playmates skimming through the placid skies of old Rome. Hilda's purity is not the purity of seclusion, but the purity of absolute freedom.

By a master stroke of genius, and almost, perhaps, unconscious recognition of the new type of womanhood dawning upon the world, the great seer among romance writers has made the most feminine of his characters the most entirely unconventional.

"The customs of artist life," says Hawthorne, "bestow such liberty upon the sex

which is elsewhere restricted within so much narrower limits; and it is perhaps an indication that whenever we admit women to a wider scope of pursuits and professions we must also remove the shackles of our present conventional rules, which would then become an unsufferable restraint on either maid or wife."

Hilda loves solitude, but her mind is free from morbidity. Out of her woven fancies she creates a still, pure dwelling place, where, like the fabled bird, she lives on dainty perfumes. Her existence must always hover above the crowd in a place where the din and turmoil of the old city streets below shall come softened to her ear. An atmosphere of remoteness is necessary to her life; for she cannot know the world as it is, only as her imagination pictures it through a changed medium. This singularly delicate and aerial creature, who is only made visible by the nicest shades of expression, is endowed with perfect health. The relief which Hawthorne has given her is but slight, but the clear and tender tracery is ever distinct.

Her genius is intensified appreciation. She absorbs the lurking spirit of beauty from the canvasses of the old masters, and then gives it out again from the tips of her own slender fingers.

Of all maidens of romance, Hilda is the most entirely self-poised. Her life is so placidly full with the tower, the doves, a friend or two, and her art, that there seems no place for the sentiment of love to come in. Kenyon, with sad apprehensiveness, says to Miriam: "Hilda does not dwell in our mortal atmosphere; and gentle and soft as she appears, it will be as difficult to win her heart as to entice down a white bird from its sunny freedom in the sky. It is strange, with all her delicacy and fragility, the impression she makes of being utterly sufficient to herself. No, I shall never win her. She is abundantly capable of sympathy, and delights to receive it, but she has no need of love."

To which Miriam makes answer, "I partly agree with you. It is a mistaken idea, which men generally entertain, that nature has made women especially prone to throw their whole being into what is technically called love. We have, to say the least, no more necessity for it than yourselves; only we have nothing else to do with our hearts. When women have other objects in life they are not apt to fall in love. I can think of many women distinguished in art, literature, and science, and multitudes whose hearts and minds find good employment in less ostentatious ways—who lead high, lonely lives, and are conscious of no sacrifice so far as your sex is concerned."

This fragile Puritan girl, from the rough granite hills of New England, slips completely out of the old orthodox creed covering in which her ancestors wrapped themselves, and when questioned as to whether she prays to the Virgin, whose shrine she tends, confesses naively that she does sometimes when moved by the spirit.

Her faith at times leads her into almost childlike credulity. There is no pleasanter touch in the whole book—showing how the gentle Hilda is kept from being etherealized, is ballasted and held to earth by a certain obtuseness and literalism, which causes her to accept fables for facts—than when she in-

quires of Kenyon "if Donatello really is a faun," and avows her grave belief in the actual flesh and blood existence of those fabled denizens of the forest.

Kenyon knows not whether to reward or punish her for her absurdity, and this fact administers a wholesome shock to the mind, by awakening it to the consciousness that Hilda is, after all, simply human.

Her life is guarded by tranquility, and when this is broken—when she learns the crime of Miriam and Donatello, she seems in danger of withering away and vanishing from the earth. The old German artist, as he watches her, day by day, drooping over her work in the great gallery, where with patient heart study she is conning the old masters, comes and bids her go back to her own land, or else he says: "Some fine morning I shall come to the Pinacotheca of the Vatican, with my palette and brushes, and I shall look for my little American artist, that sees into the very heart of the grand pictures, and what shall I behold?—a heap of white ashes on the marble floor, just in front of the divine Raphael's picture of the Madonna da Foligno!"

But Hilda does not sink down in a heap of ashes, as the old man pathetically prophesies; she unbinds the terrible secret from her heart, and casts it down at the feet of a priest in the St. Peter's confessional.

Hilda's treatment of Miriam, who had been her only near and intimate female friend in Rome, when the crime is discovered, does not evince a nature ready to pour itself out in pity or forgiveness. Self-preservation is the instinct that comes uppermost, as the guilty Miriam pleads for continued love. "If I were one of God's angels" she says, "with a nature incapable of stain, and garments that never could be spotted, I would keep ever at your side, and try to lead you upward. But I am a poor, lonely girl, whom God has set here in an evil world and given her only a white robe, and bid her wear it back to him as white as when she put it on."

There is a refined selfishness in all this, which at last, when the burden is cast off, Hilda comes to perceive.

To make atonement, as far as lies in her power, she takes the packet which Miriam has intrusted to her care, and carries it to the gloomy and sin-stained palace of the Cenci's. We see her vanish like one of her own white doves through the forbidding portal, and then by one of those tantalizing, inexplicable threads of mystery which Hawthorne loves to weave into his plots, she is lost, utterly lost, so that the brooding mind of the sculptor who searches for her day and night, fancies her as the inmate of one of the loathsome cells of the inquisition, or suffering the nameless horrors of a Roman prison-house. These conjectures would have driven him to madness in his weary vigils about Hilda's tower, where the light had now gone out, but for the faith which he felt in the independence, purity, and self-poise of this young girl's nature. In fact he believed she was capable of taking care of herself.

And so it proved, at an unexpected moment, during the progress of the carnival, she appeared upon a balcony in the midst of the fantastic throng.

There is no sweeter picture in words than the description of Hilda at this moment:

"She was dressed in a white domino, and looked pale and bewildered, and yet full of tender joy. Moreover, there was a gleam of delicate mirthfulness in her eyes, which the sculptor had seen there only two or three times in the course of their acquaintance, but thought it the most bewitching and fairy-like of all Hilda's expressions."

It was later when a homesick and desolate feeling came over Hilda, such as is apt to come to the most self-contained of mortals in a foreign land, that she yielded to the sculptor's entreaties her shy and fluttering love.

WOMAN AND HER BABY.

BY HARRIET S. BROOKS.

There is never a prettier sight to me, in the whole arena of human existence, than a mother and her child; still I no sooner see the two than I involuntarily ask myself the question, "Is the mother happy? Does her husband love her, believe in her, cherish her as women love to be cherished. Is he a good provider, a tender husband and father?" And then I picture to myself the happiness of that household, (for there is a world of enjoyment in that one means which the Creator has provided, viz, the *wedded* household,) the contentment of the mother, and the health of her children; for none but a contented mother can bear healthy and happy children.

When I hear a child crying and fretful, and look into its little face and see misery and wretchedness stamped thereon, I can read the whole history of the pre-natal influences which surrounded the mother. Men and women are powerless to conceal that past, unhappy history; the baby's face will tell the whole story; it will tell how the mother suffered, not physically, but mentally; how powerless she was to extricate herself from her untoward circumstances, for her own sake, or for the sake of her child; and my heart aches for the suffering of this the fairest of all God's handiwork.

When shall our hurrying nation, our over-worked men who are "making haste to be rich," take time to consider that the mother, during child-growth, from the time of conception until its character is formed, ought to be considered as sacred—as consecrated to the altar of friendship, of love, of happiness; as the being around whom should centre our kindest cares, our holiest respects, our tenderest love, our truest and highest sympathies? When this time comes, then, and not till then, will woman be capable of raising men and women worthy of a Republican government—worthy of an American nation.

"EXCUSE MY GLOVES."—A good story in a few words. A young gentleman, who was rather celebrated for his attempts to adhere strictly to the latest fashion and his weakness for wearing kid gloves, found the latter a serious drain on his limited finances. Hearing of the celebrated *Jouen's Kid Glove Cleaner*, he has been using it, and to the astonishment of all his friends appears daily in an apparently new pair of kid gloves, on which he no doubt prides himself, as he invariably remarks (on purpose to call attention to his gloves), "Excuse my gloves," every time he meets a friend or acquaintance. The cat is now out of the bag, and "Glove Cleaners" for sale by all druggists or fancy goods dealers. F. C. Wells & Co., wholesale agents.

Notes About Women.

—Rev. Robert Collyer is lecturing on Charlotte Bronte.

—Strong-minded women don't eat eggs. They can't bear the yolk.

—All the little school-girls in Germany are knitting soldiers' stockings.

—Nilsson visited a minstrel troupe in Pittsburgh to see a burlesque of herself.

—Miss Phoebe Cousins is out instructing the people of Wyandotte, Kansas.

—A woman in this State has been engaged in dreaming out the Nathan murderer.

—Michigan State University has a class of sixteen young ladies in its medical department.

—Mr. Arthur thinks immense advantages would accrue from the scientific education of women.

—In the Sandwich Islands it is death for a man's mother-in-law to visit him without permission.

—The very best Christmas present you can make a friend, THE REVOLUTION, price \$2.00 per annum.

—Mrs. Esther Morris, Justice of the Peace of Wyoming, has retired from office, after creditable service.

—The city of Brooklyn, together with St. Louis and San Francisco, has equalized the pay of teachers of both sexes.

—Zion's Herald pronounces the debate on woman suffrage between Mrs. Livermore and Catherine Beecher "a battle of the Amazons."

—The women are taking to the railroads. They make the best of break-men."

We know just the kind of crusty fusty old bachelor who penned the above.

—There is one colored lady clerk employed in the Treasury at Washington, and six find occupation in the Congressional Printing Office.

—The season has come when hearts expand and purse-strings relax. Show your generosity by subscribing for THE REVOLUTION. Price \$2.00.

—Mrs. Flower, of Topeka, is a candidate for a crossing clerk in the Kansas Legislature. She has twice served as a deputy clerk in the House.

—Mrs. Annie L. Campbell has been appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in the Ninth Ohio District, *vice* her husband, deceased.

—A woman, Mrs. Millington of England, has taken the prize of one hundred guineas for the best farming, awarded by the Royal Agricultural Society.

—Ex-Queen Isabella protests against the election of the Duke of Aosta as King of Spain, but considerably states that she has no intention of appealing to force.

—A large and interesting meeting in behalf of woman suffrage, addressed by Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, was held at Bristol, Pa., on the evening of Friday, Dec. 9th.

—Mr. Aaron M. Powell has published a card declining to serve as an officer of the American Woman Suffrage Association. He thinks he can be more useful outside of that body than in it. We are sorry that so good a man refuses to be connected with it.

—Christmas comes but once a year, and a one two-dollar greenback will secure THE REVOLUTION for a year.

—Mrs. Una Howard, the lady who originated and spiritedly carried out the Self-help Institute for Distressed Gentlewomen, died on Monday, at her residence in London.

—“ Whenever,” said Madame de Staél, “ I see Mr. S., I receive the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple, he and his self-love live so happily together.”

—Miss Catharine E. Beecher is lecturing in opposition to female suffrage.”

Her speeches are said to be so mild that a person can take a good many of them without injury to anything but patience.

—The second meeting in behalf of International Peace will be held at Union League Hall, in this city, on the 23rd inst. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and others will address the meeting.

—Princess Margherita is to receive from the ladies of Rome, on the day of her entry into the city, an elegantly embroidered carpet, adorned with the arms of one hundred Italian cities.

—One of the grave questions just now agitating the suffragists is this: “ If women are too angelic to vote, how can they best be made wicked enough to become worthy of that great blessing? ”

—The lady lecturers come so thick and fast we scarcely have time to record their gifts and graces. The last aspirant to platform honors is Miss Adelaide Murdock, sister of the elocutionist and tragedian.

—An Ohio wife-murderer, sentenced to be hanged, has taken to writing poetry of a character a little less fearful than Walt Whitman's. There was some hopes of a reprieve before he committed this crime.

—Mme. LeNormand, the famous soothsayer, who told Josephine Beauharnais that she would become an Empress, also predicted that she would die in a hospital. Malmaison, where Josephine died, means hospital.

—A young woman recently dropped dead in a ball-room from tight lacing. If her example serves as a warning and admonition to her foolish sisters who practice this pernicious habit, she will not have died in vain.

—One of the most eminent woman's rights leaders wishes it “ distinctly understood that this woman question is *not* an anti-man movement. “ We wish,” she adds, “ to work by him, side by side, in perfect equality.”

—Miss Anthony desires her friends and correspondents to learn, through the columns of THE REVOLUTION, that letters sent to her address, Rochester, New York, will be forwarded more directly than as if sent elsewhere.

—Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker and her co-laborers are working gallantly to arrange an unusually attractive programme for the Washington meeting. From present appearances their efforts will be crowned with complete success.

—A writer in *Good Health* says that the average weight, all the year round, of that portion of a woman's clothing which is supported from the waist is between ten and fifteen pounds; and that if a woman was sentenced to carry such a weight about in this way for a number of years, for some great crime, the punishment would be denounced as inhuman.

—Louisa and May Alcott intend spending the winter in Rome, if the climate is found favorable. During their recent stay in Florence, they were received with the most flattering attentions in artistic and literary circles.

—The lady teachers of San Francisco are urging the appointment of some competent woman to the newly created offices of Deputy Superintendent of the Public Schools of that city. Some of the local papers favor the idea.

—The last number of the *Woman's Pacific Coast Journal* says:

“ The type for this number of our journal has been set by a woman, who sets ten thousand ems in eight hours—our crooked manuscript copy—and shows a very clean proof.”

—“ An old shot-gun and five dollars purchased a Michigan wife.”

The old shot-gun ought to have been reserved, as it might have proved handy in case of insubordination on the part of the new purchase.

—George Sand's story of “ Marquis de Villemar ” is to be translated by Ralph Kehler for *Every Saturday*, which has commenced its publication. It is said to be “ as sweet and pure as it is powerful, and one of her most beautiful and tender novels.”

—Miss Van Lew, the Postmistress at Richmond, Virginia, is to be removed, because the office under her management cannot be used for political purposes. Another thing against her, the citizens there say she conducts the business of the office admirably.

—The ladies of Little Rock, Ark., have instituted a full course of literary lectures, to be delivered by distinguished literary gentlemen of that city. The object of these lecturers is to create a fund for the purchasing of a general library for St. John's College.

—Chicago, which is a trifle conceited, thinks it has got the best picture of Miss Anthony that can be found anywhere. Mrs. Bradwell of the *Legal News* says:

“ We have never seen a finer likeness than this of Miss Anthony. It has the appearance of a fine piece of statuary more than a photograph.”

—Mrs. Agassiz tells us that in certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hand is tied up in a paper-bag filled with fire-ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony.

—The necessity of woman's influence in infants' and girls' schools, and, therefore, of the election of women into Education Boards, formed the topic of a sermon preached recently to a full congregation at St. Peter's Church, South Kensington, London, by the Hon. and Rev. Francis E. C. Byng.

—Miss Anthony had an overwhelming audience when she recently lectured in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The city of brotherly love patronizes home talent as it should; but with the exception of Anna Dickinson's, no woman has drawn so well this season as Miss Anthony.

—Miriam M. Cole says that it is not magnanimous to accuse women of thinking more of their personal looks than anything else, when every newspaper once a week offers them a specific for homeliness. “ It is evident,” she adds, “ that women, as they are made, do not altogether please men, and yet they were created expressly and solely for them. There is a mistake somewhere.”

—“If wives thought as much of pleasing their husbands as of pleasing and being agreeable to other men, there would be more happy families.”

If husbands thought as much of making themselves agreeable to their wives as to other women, the same desirable result might be attained.

—We hope our friends all over the country will be so kind as to get a notice of the forthcoming Washington Convention, which bids fair to be one of the most important meetings of the year, inserted in their local *journals*. It will be well to get the call printed in full, as we give it in this week's issue.

—*The Revolution* considers it the absolute duty of a girl to know as much as possible of the man she intends to marry, and also of men in general. We fear that this knowledge would upset many nice made plans.—*Leviator Weekly Journal*.

Doubtless it would. But they ought to be upset, to make business scarce in the divorce courts.

—Miss Anthony, as brisk and fresh as ever, looked in upon us on her way back from Washington. She is crowded with engagements, and can scarcely find time to give herself a little much-needed rest at the holidays. She speaks at Lowville, Watertown, and Potsdam, in the northern section of the State, during the latter part of the month.

—“A secret society of young women exists in Memphis. Each member is bound not to marry a man who cannot give her a diamond ring.”

Bless those noble girls. A society of young men ought now to be formed, each member binding himself not to marry any girl who is not possessed of a fifty dollar chignon. O, matrimony what bargains are cemented in thy name.

—Miss Edmonia Lewis, the young sculptor, returned last Saturday to Rome, Italy. She takes with her a commission to chisel a life-size statue of John Brown, which is to be placed at the disposal of the Union League Club of this city. She will return with the same in the spring of 1871. The statue “Hagar” was sold to Colonel Bowen, at Chicago, Illinois.

—“A man recently sold his wife by auction in Free-town Bury, Eng., for the sum of eight shillings. The purchaser led the article home with a rope round her neck.”

“The article” appears to have reached about its lowest market value. There was a time in these United States when a likely negro could be purchased for from one to two hundred dollars. British white wives evidently would be considered high at that price.

—A correspondent writes to inquire
“Why is it that medical students are more rude and ungentlemanly than any other class of men? It is an undeniable fact that a woman may go into any store, office, shop, or counting-room, and be treated with the same courtesy that man extends to man. Is it probable that only the rough and offscourings of society in the masculine gender study medicine?”

Now it is almost as difficult to answer these questions as it would be to explain why briar bushes produce thorns. Some of the best and some of the worst of men get into the medical profession. It has peculiar attractions for men imbued with the spirit of science and large wise philanthropy, and on the other hand it seems to draw in many “lewd fellows of the baser sort,” perhaps on the principle that the better a thing is in itself the more it can be abused. We devoutly believe that the medical profession will be greatly elevated by the admission of a large number of women practitioners.

—A Providence girl of sixteen, who recently graduated with the highest honors from the high school, immediately went into a factory and earned \$100. On Monday she started alone, armed with only her small fund, a flattening testimonial from the Superintendent of Schools, and her determined spirit, for Oberlin, Ohio, to enter Oberlin College, where she can complete her education in a full collegiate course.

—Miss Kate Fields is the daughter of Mr. Fields, the actor, who must be remembered by old habitués of the stage in Cincinnati, for he often appeared on the boards of the old Third Street Theater. Mr. Field for some years resided at St. Louis, and edited the *Reveille*, a sparkling, sprightly paper, in which he gained much reputation as the author of rhymes under the soubriquet of “Straws,” taking off the vices and follies of the times. Miss Fields' mother was also an actress.

—The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented, at the Town Hall, Weston-super-Mare, England, to the Rev. E. W. Caulfield, who, in spite of his old age and delicate health, saved a drowning lad from a deep Wiltshire canal last August. Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins presided, but the presentation was made by Miss Alice B. LeGeyt, who holds the gold medal of the Life Boat Society for having about four years since, under circumstances of peculiar danger, saved two drowning boys at Lyme Regis.

—There is no use in being conservative for the sake of shielding one's reputation. It don't do any good. For example, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who thinks that certain other people are too radical on the woman question, gets a hatchet from his reverence, Mr. Lager Beer Fulton, of Boston, in the following Tremont Temple style. Mr. F. speaks of Mrs. L. as engaged in a

“Movement waged against the family, against the home, against marriage, against woman.”

One would suppose, on reading this accusation, that Mrs. Livermore was one of those arch agitators whom she herself so painfully impugns and so pitifully deplores. It is just as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. That she saves her life shall lose it.

—A meeting of working men and their wives was held at the Cadogan rooms, Lower Sloane street, London, England, to hear the opinions of Mrs. William Grey, the lady candidate for the Chelsea School Board. Mr. Henry Cole, C. B., took the chair, and insisted that women only were competent to superintend the management of infant schools, which were only public nurseries, and the instruction in needlework and household duties which ought to be given in every girls' school. Mr. Cole dwelt on the great economic value of infant schools to the women of the working classes who were obliged to work for their subsistence in the daytime. Mrs. William Grey was enthusiastically received, and promised the support of the meeting at the poll.

—Some of the incidents of Miss Anthony's visit to Richmond are noticeable as signs of a growing interest in the woman movement in the South. Before delivering her lecture at the capital of the Old Dominion, Miss Anthony sent an invitation to the Legislature as a body. She was invited to the floor of the house, and when the invitation was read, a gentleman rose and made a motion to set aside the regu-

lar business of the day, and to take a vote on the question of giving up the legislative hall to Miss Anthony in which to make her speech. The vote was lost by 88 to 19. The lecture was finally delivered in the United States Court-room, which Judge Underhill, a staunch friend of woman suffrage, gracefully vacated for the nonce. The judge himself was present during both meetings, as well as a number of members of the Legislature; and it is safe to believe that Miss Anthony's visit to the James has sown much good seed. The South is a vast missionary field, which only want of funds prevents the most zealous workers in our ranks from occupying. A vast system of free meetings, extending all over the Southern States, would give a wonderful impetus to the cause. Who is generous and earnest enough to furnish the ducats for this good work?

—The Louisville City Council recently passed “an ordinance to protect females while passing along the streets” from offensive staring by men standing on the corners. The mayor jocosely vetoed the bill on the ground that the whole male population would be liable to be sent to jail. Women, here in New York, would not ask for legal protection from impertinent looks, if they could avoid other annoyances which men are constantly inflicting upon them by following them from place to place, and by insulting behavior in cars and omnibuses. There is a law touching such cases, but it is practically null, because no modest woman is willing to be the occasion of a street scene. Women must learn to protect themselves. This seems to be the only way such cases can be reached.

—It appears that the true Eden with women, politically free and equal with man, as nature meant her to be, has at last been discovered. There is poetic fitness in the fact that suffrage was first granted to our sex in Wyoming Territory:

“Campbell's” most glowing descriptions of ‘fair Wyoming’ on Susquehanna's side pale their ineffectual fires before the surpassing splendor of the picture which Professor Hayden, the United States Geologist, who has lately completed his exploration of the Territory of Wyoming, gives of its Eden-like beauty and fertility. This new Wyoming, in the Rocky Mountains, incloses the beautiful sources of the Missouri, and underlying its rich soil is inexhaustible wealth of coal and precious minerals. Above all, the women of Wyoming having decided the first election of a Congressional delegate from this Territory, and woman suffrage having thus been fairly established there, Wyoming is also full of enchanting prospects as the new paradise of woman's rights.”

—Owing to the mania which husbands have developed in the golden city for shooting men suspected of gallantry, the editor of the *San Francisco News Letter* comes out with the following witty card:

“All men's wives who have hitherto enjoyed the advantage of our acquaintance are hereby notified that this ceases to-day, never to be renewed. It is with deep grief that we disrupt the social relations of a prominent man, but his feelings impel us to do this by the first law of nature. Our lady friends who have the misfortune to be married to other and inferior men will please stick like a leech to their legal protectors, and not recognize us on the street. We have taken considerable pleasure in their society—a pleasure which we flatter ourselves has been mutual. We are sorry to say no longer will be permitted to do so. We trust that our motive—which is pure cowardice—will not be misconstrued. Somebody perishes gloriously every day for being upon sneaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come round. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make no secret of the fact that hereafter we and our wives will be levied upon virgins and widows exclusively; no others need apply. Whoever shall attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another man, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life, and subjected to abuse in the columns of this journal. Nature is strict in us, and we do not wish to die. We are not perfect. If it desire that way, we shall treat somebody's wife with common courtesy, get shot, and go quietly to our reward.”

Our Mail Bag.

THE LONDON LETTER.

VICTORIA PRESS, Nov. 30th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the surprise and pleasure I experienced yesterday when Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Bullard arrived at the Victoria Press. I could scarcely believe in the evidence of my own senses! I was unfeignedly glad at the prospect of renewing personal intercourse with Mrs. Bullard, who made a considerable inroad into my heartiest esteem during her last visit to England, and whose letters of late have increased my desire for a yet closer friendship. We spent a few hours in the evening together, and I rejoiced to hear of all the good work which is going on in America. The steadfast courage displayed by other workers affords a desirable stimulus, and the success of the various movements in which your countrywomen are engaged is undoubtedly a great encouragement to those who are bearing the burden and heat of the battle here.

Since I last wrote the School Board election has taken place, and yesterday I went in due form to vote. Being in the Westminster district, I had no lady candidate to divert my attention, and so I plumped for the man most likely to bring business ability to the Board, for every element is wanted. Nothing could exceed the order or quietude of the polling-place. And I certainly hope to see the day when Parliamentary elections shall be carried on in the same manner, for nothing could less induce bribery and corruption than the manner and conduct of the official at the Bond street polling-place.

We are waiting with much impatience to hear the result of the poll. Miss Lydia Becker has got in ninth on the Manchester School Board, so we must take it for a happy augury for the London lady candidates. News, however, has just reached me that Mr. Hastings, so well known in connection with the Social Science Association, has failed to get in for the city of London. I am very sorry for it; for though we are not personal friends, I respect Mr. Hastings's consistent advocacy of all movements in favor of women's best interests, and it was a great consolation to me, when obliged to decline standing for that district, to think that a man of Mr. Hastings's liberal views and sound judgment was likely to be returned. I regard his defeat as a great loss to our cause, though we have in Mr. Rogers one who has done much for the education of both sexes, and who has even been mentioned together with Lord Laurence as the best chairman the Board could select out of its probable members.

While the Liberal papers seem very satisfied with the result of vote by ballot, the Tory papers are making the most of a scene of great confusion which occurred in our districts, and are also declaring that one provision of the act has been disregarded in every district alike, which, if brought before the Queen's Bench, will nullify all the elections. The act prescribes that the School Board elections are to be held in the same manner as elections for vestrymen under the Metropolitan Management Act of 1855. According to this, two rate-payers ought to have been selected as inspectors of votes, and this, it is alleged, was not done yesterday anywhere.

I regret to say a letter has been published from Miss Burdett Coutts, in which she throws cold water on the election of women, and thinks they ought to work on sub-committees, etc. This letter has given considerable disappointment, because Miss Coutts's social position makes her opinion of some consequence, and it is important to have her influence on the right side. But against this adverse view we have to record others of still greater power, Mr. Foster's, for example, who, as Vice-President of the Council of Education, has repeatedly stated that "womanly experience, and woman's knowledge of what education is needed for girls, is absolutely indispensable" to the Board.

DECEMBER 1ST.

The result of the elections, which has just been obtained, shows the triumphant recognition of the principle for which we have contended. Miss Garrett, M. D., heads the poll. Miss Davies, ditto for Greenwich; but Mrs. Grey is not returned for Chelsea.

The recent conduct of the Edinburgh students has again raised the question of mixed classes for medical study, and given the *Saturday Review* a fresh opportunity for a virulent attack upon women in general, in an article exceeding in ferocity and meanness anything I ever read. But it has also called forth several letters on the other side of the question, one of which observes that if the delicacy of the male students is real, it will prove a serious drawback to the exercise of their profession in after life.

"The question, however, arises, Which evil is the greater—the five hundred youths in full health and vigor should be made a little uncomfortable by the presence of seven women, or that seven times five hundred women, unmoved by suffering, should be subjected to the very trial they shrink from?"

It is only fair to add that many of the male students, even while disliking the presence of the other sex in their class-rooms, have signed a denial of being mixed up in the insolent rudeness by which a few sought to outrage the ladies now studying at Edinburgh, by shutting the college door in their faces, jostling and hooting at them as they proceeded to the lecture-room. This denial is corroborated by Miss Jex Blake, who states she only recognized in the noisy crowd some dozen of the lowest class of students at Surgeons' Hall, and a considerably greater number of the same grade from the University, while the rest of the mob was composed of a few of the ordinary street rowdies, and a great many of the very silly but very harmless persons who always flock round any centre offering a prospect of excitement or novelty.

A very interesting ceremony took place the other day at Weston-super-Mare. An old clergyman, the Rev. B. W. Caulfield, last August saved a boy out of a deep Wiltshire canal, and owing to a paragraph in the *Victoria Magazine* Miss LeGeyt was able to bring the matter before the committee of the Royal Humane Society, who awarded him their bronze medal, and requested Miss Le Geyt to present it, which she did in the Town Hall, Colonel Rawlins occupying the chair, with all the county magnates around him doing honor to the occasion. The old gentleman, however, could not come, from fear of suffering from excitement; so the speeches were made without him, and the occasion rendered doubly interesting by the fact that Miss LeGeyt herself has a medal from the Life Boat Institution for her gallant rescue, some four years

since, of two boys at Lyme Regis, under circumstances of some danger.

Our readers will be amused at this new edition from *Punch* of an old rhyme:

- A—Lady Amberley—well can she speak.
- B—is Miss Becker—the head of the clique.
- C—is Miss Cobbe—who wrote "Broken Lights,"
- D—Miss Davis—supports Educational Rights.
- E—is Miss Estlin—who works on Committee,
- F—Mrs. Fawcett—both learned and witty.
- G—is Miss Garrett—of Medical Fame,
- H—is Miss Hill—the "Poor Board" knows her name.
- J—is Miss Jex Blake—follows in Miss G.'s line,
- K—is Mrs. King—who braved prison and fine.
- M—is Harriet Martineau—of Experience ripe,
- N—is Florence Nightingale—whom to praise all men write.
- P—is Miss Pechey—the "Hope Scholarship" who gained
- Q—ever that the University gave her nothing for her pains!
- R—is Miss Rye—who fears no ill wind,
- T—is Miss Helen Taylor—few such speakers will you find.
- V—is the Victory whence these ladies' efforts tend,
- W—is Miss Wolstenholme—the "Married Woman's" friend.

X—is the Unknown Number of Friends to the Cause,

Z—are the Zannies who make up all Unjust Laws.

Your readers will be sorry to hear of the dangerous illness of Sir Roderick Murchison. The queen has sent this morning with inquiries, which have much gratified the family, and hopes are still entertained of his recovery.

Madame Sainton Dolby, on her retirement from the profession as a public singer, has been presented by the alto chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society with an address, illuminated on vellum and framed in carved oak, testifying the admiration of the donors of her talents as an artist, and their estimation of the virtues which distinguished her private life.

Yours truly,

EMILY FAIRFULL.

NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1870.
To the Editor of The Revolution:

The third session of the Forty-first Congress has fairly commenced, and members of both houses seem eager to bring forward their pet measures in the form of bills and resolutions, which are quickly laid on the table or referred to appropriate committees. The latter is the favorite mode of disposing of bills involving *exred questions*, as Messrs. Trumbull of the Senate and Bingham of the House can testify. These gentlemen have the Sixteenth Amendment Bill safely locked up in their judicial desks, waiting for—Mrs. Grundy to speak, or perhaps for the advent of Miss Catherine E. Beecher, who is announced to lecture here in opposition to woman suffrage. Miss Beecher, as your readers are perhaps aware, wishes to substitute educational privileges as a remedy for the social and political disabilities which oppress our sex, and has, I am told, not wooden nutmegs to sell, but a family text-book to dispose of, wherein housewives are taught how to get up dinners, how to blacken old cook-stoves to make them look like new ones, and an economical plan whereby a soap or candle-box can be transformed into an elegant foot-stool for the parlor. Selling "only to subscribers," don't pay in these days of cheap reading matter, hence this new advertising dodge of Miss Beecher's. It will fail, as did a like attempt of the author of "Recollections of a Busy Life," who, when telling his audiences what he knew about farming, always referred his theme to the aforesaid "Recollections" for further particulars.

The President's Message, or rather the sub-

jects treated of therein, continues a fruitful topic of discussion for all classes. It is patriotic, comprehensive, and vigorous, and moves on the enemy's works in force. Its plain statesmanlike diction will make its author popular with the people, because it speaks their sentiments, at least the *manly* portion. The woman question might have been sandwiched in somewhere; but as the sin of omission in this instance is comparatively no sin at all, when the great question at issue is fish or no fish, so we will freely forgive him for Boston's sake. The Kanucks are a cute longheaded people, and seek to provoke Jonathan's wrath for ulterior purposes. Some wide-awake vender of Yankee notions has, in my opinion, been giving the blue-noses lessons upon a cheap plan of "Annexation," and we are now having the result of his teachings. We are a consumptive, dyspeptic, uneasy people, and must have cod liver oil to heal our infirmities, and to obtain it we must catch the fish that yields this oleaginous fluid, and our own fishermen must do it, and be protected, if we have to move the waters wherein said fish swim to within the limits of our own boundaries, and have to extend our northern line to the middle channel of the St. Lawrence river. This would give us a national northern boundary, and could easily be shadowed by the tip of our eagle's wing, as he looks 'southward with an eye on San Domingo and Mexico.

Our hearts were made glad on the morning of the 8th inst. by the arrival of Miss Anthony, who came to fill an engagement to lecture, under the auspices of the Universal Franchise Association. Our zeal for the cause grew stronger by her presence, and we wondered what manner of men and women they were who refuse to work side by side with her.

I cannot give you a better idea of her lecture in the evening than by quoting the notice given of it in the *Morning Chronicle*, a leading Republican journal devoted to the cause of the administration:

"THE FALSE THEORY.

"This was the subject of a lecture at Lincoln Hall last evening by Miss Susan B. Anthony, given under the auspices of the Universal Franchise Association, and ought to have been heard by a much larger audience than was present. Miss Anthony was introduced to the assemblage by Senator Pomeroy, and commenced by saying that she appeared before her audience under great embarrassment, as they had already been addressed by Anna Dickinson, "the born orator," and by Mrs. Stanton, "the born philosopher." Miss Anthony said that she was not an orator on the platform, but if a lecture, lasting an hour and fifty minutes, delivered extemporaneously, and containing soft words and home facts, and spoken with an energy and an earnestness seldom equaled, and which carried the sympathies of her audience with her, and elicited frequent rounds of applause—if this is platform oratory, then is Miss Anthony a platform orator.

Miss Anthony combated the theory that woman is made for man to support, which, she said, was a false theory, and one which was prevalent in society at the present time. This position she supported by concise reasoning and an array of convincing facts which bore upon the woman franchise question. She spoke fluently upon the marriage question, the inequality recognized between man and wife, and considered the enfranchisement of woman as the only proper remedy for all these evils. She spoke of the frequent "strikes" among the various operatives, both male and female, and said that the press and political parties uphold strikes by men, while they discourage and denounce those by women, and attributed the difference that each receive to the fact that politicians feared the votes of men, while no danger from this cause was to be apprehended from women. The enfranchisement of woman would change all this, and the rights of women to equal with men equal privileges with men would then be upheld by political parties, and be secured by the law-makers of the land.

Miss Anthony closed by informing the members of Congress in her audience that the representative women of this country intended to obtain a room in the Capital, where a delegation of their number would be in attendance at every session of Congress, and besiege the members for a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, and would continue the siege at every session until such an amendment was submitted to the several States for ratification. She retired from the platform amidst the hearty applause of the audience.

Miss Anthony left on the morning of the 9th for Richmond, where she will speak, returning here in time to be in Philadelphia the 12th.

The next lecture, under the auspices of the U. F. A., will be given by Anna Dickinson the 5th proximo, to be followed by her the Sunday after with a lay sermon.

This course was deemed advisable, in view of the convention which is to be held the 11th and 12th. We are watching the coming of the chief engineer, who proposes to manage or "run" the convention, and we await with no little anxiety the development of his or her plan. We sincerely trust that no arbitrary spirit will be exhibited, and caution the anointed against attempting to dwarf a National Convention, by circumscribing its rules. We have fought for "free speech and a free platform," and have won. If a Hottentot or a Higginson comes here as an accredited delegate from an organization formed to promote the cause of woman, a respectful hearing should be granted him. A word to the wise, etc.

Yours, etc.,

SIBYL.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

The notion seems to be gaining ground that there is some real difference of opinion, involving some fundamental principle, between the Union Woman's Suffrage Society—headquarters, New York—and the American Woman's Suffrage Association—headquarters, Boston.

I have but slight personal acquaintance with the ladies who, from the prominent part they have taken to secure suffrage for women, are considered the exponents of the principles of these two organizations. I have not even heard them speak in public more than two or three times. But I am a pretty constant reader both of *THE REVOLUTION* and of *The Woman's Journal*, and, so far as I can see, the difference between them is more in method than anything else.

The Woman's Journal endeavors to confine itself to the discussion of the question of suffrage, pure and simple; but, if I have understood its conductors aright, it is not for the mere pleasure of sticking a piece of paper into a ballot-box they are working. Mrs. Livermore expressed herself, not only very clearly, but very wittily, on that point the only time I ever heard her speak.

Women want, and need, the ballot for the purpose of obtaining equal legal rights of property and person with men. They expect to use this power in organizing their own labor in such a way as to secure for themselves personal and pecuniary independence; not, by any means, for the purpose of avoiding marriage and domestic duties, but, first, that they may not be forced into marriage from mercenary motives, as for shelter or an occupation; second, that when they do marry it may be on terms of equality—the woman entire mistress in the house, as the man is

master outside; or a mixed jurisdiction, if the parties prefer it; or even a change of places, if exceptional circumstances demand it; but, in any event, a fair and equal partnership.

This is what I understand Mrs. Stanton to demand; less than this, I opine, will not content Mrs. Livermore and the other managers of *The Woman's Journal*.

This will give Mr. Greeley his thirty thousand expert cooks; this will give Miss Catherine Beecher her educated ladies in the kitchen and the nursery; this will relieve Miss Jennie Collins from her down-trodden factory girls; this will bring the thousands of starving needle-women to the relief of the thousands who are now bending and breaking under their household cares and labors. All this, and much more, woman suffrage will bring us in time.

With results so eminently beneficial in view, is it not most unwise to waste power in individual differences? Neither New York nor Boston can control the consequences of woman suffrage. Whatever either may want or work for, it will bear its own legitimate fruit, and no other. Since there is work enough for both societies, let us hope they will aid, not hinder, each other.

Truly yours, MARY JANE OWEN.

A VIEW OF SOME OF THE LEADERS.

CHICAGO, December 8, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

The affected horror of the leaders and sympathizers of the so-called American Woman's Suffrage Association at the "pestiferous" doctrines on marriage and divorce, enunciated by Mrs. Stanton, is the flimsiest sham ever used.

The ladies of that party have retarded, by their dissensions and opposition to everything but their own personal advancement, the cause they pretend to hold so dear.

Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony have borne the heat and burden of the fray. Eloquent, upright, and terribly in earnest, they won the respect of their opposers by their honesty, which some of their whilom friends fail to do. Mrs. Stanton may be wrong, but she is certainly sincere; and as most of those who oppose her have held heterodox views from those about them, it seems that they might have some charity for those who differ from them.

Lucy Stone did not consider that being deprived of a voice in the affairs of the nation was the only wrong her sex suffered. She entered a formal protest against the existing form of marriage—denied practically that husband and wife are one, and the husband that one.

Julia Ward Howe was supposed to shadow forth our own woes, as married but not mated, in "Passion Flowers"—happily for the author's literary fame out of print, and nearly forgotten.

Last, but not least, Mary A. Livermore, whom to think of as expressing such righteous horror at any opinion that could be broached is amusing. I am sure it amuses her in private, for she has a keen sense of the ludicrous, and used to send electric shocks through the society in which she moved by her daring remarks on everything human and divine. Massachusetts is more likely to be last, instead of first, in giving women the elective franchise; for the spirit that burnt witches, persecuted Quakers, and raised pro-slavery riots, has not wholly died away.

Yours truly, MARIAN HOPE.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamp. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 2055, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1870.

ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED SISTERHOOD IN ENGLAND.

A few evenings ago we went out to Serbiton, a half hours' ride by rail from London, to hear Miss Emily Faithfull deliver a lecture on the vexed question.

Lecturing in England, whether by men or women, is by no means the established feature which it is in America. It is only a recent thing that men of position and culture have thought this a sufficiently dignified way of communicating their ideas to the public. But it is now no violation of the social proprieties for men wearing the letters M. A., LL. D., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., F. R. A. S., etc., to take the platform.

Institutes, something after the style of our lyceums, are formed in the larger as well as the smaller towns, and the most learned and well-known men in the country lecture before them. But women as lecturers are comparatively unknown here. In list of speakers before the Institute of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which begins with a Baronet, Sir John Swinburne, and includes Fellows of the Royal Astronomical and Geographical Societies, as well as Ph. Doc., on its roll, out of the fifteen announced speakers, Miss Emily Faithfull is the only woman.

There are indeed some few other ladies who occasionally give a lecture in England, but lecturing as a profession for women is yet in its infancy. Miss Faithfull is, however, opening the door for her sisters to enter, and her own popularity is a most favorable augury for the success of other women.

There was no institute in Serbiton, and lecture-going is not very popular in that place; yet the lecture-hall where Miss Faithfull spoke was filled, and the chairman said such an audience was an unusual sight there.

Miss Faithfull is rather above the middle height, and of robust and vigorous frame. She is a brunette, and has that clear, roseate complexion for which Englishwomen are famous. She wears her hair cut short in her neck, and dresses in rather a peculiar style. Her dress is invariably the same when she appears in public—a black moire antique silk, with long skirt, and a white muslin corsage, over which last she wears a loose moire antique jacket like a boy's roundabout. It is a little odd, but by no means an unbecoming costume. Her voice is strong, sweet and clear, and her enunciation admirable for its distinctness and purity. Her manner is dignified and modest, and wherever she goes she does away with the prejudice against woman's speaking in public. She presents the vexed question of woman's

rights in so candid, logical and fair a manner that she carries the audience with her.

In Serbiton it was evident that curiosity to see the speaker, more than interest in the subject, had drawn the greater number to hear her. At first the audience was cold and critical; but, by degrees, Miss Faithfull's sensible remarks and sallies of humor wakened them to sympathy, and before her lecture was half over, she had changed her cold critics into attentive and eager listeners, if not into decided allies. She was frequently applauded, and, "hear, hear," an unusual form of approval for American ears, frequently greeted some of her more telling points.

Miss Faithfull has in contemplation a visit to America as soon as she can leave her duties at home; but at present she is too much absorbed in her work as editor of the *Victoria Magazine*, her lecture engagements, etc., to be able to cross the ocean. She was recently forced to decline a nomination in the London School Board from lack of time to devote to its duties if elected.

But we hope it may not be long before our American public will be able to hear this most prominent of the women lecturers in England, and judge for themselves as to how she compares with our own female orators.

SHALL WOMEN BE REPUBLICANS OR DEMOCRATS?

We lately made some remarks against the propriety of women calling themselves after the party names of either of the great political parties of the land. Thus, Mrs. Livermore styles herself a Republican, and Miss Edgerton claims to be a Democrat. We cannot imagine how a woman with any conscious sense of her humiliating disfranchisement can want to be considered as a partisan of either of two parties, both of which equally refuse to accord to her the suffrage which they claim for themselves.

We are warmly seconded in this view by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Adele Hazlett.

At the Detroit Convention, Miss Anthony made a forcible speech, which the *Free Press* mentions as follows:

"She proceeded at length to show that there was not a politician in the Republican party who would vote for a woman suffrage candidate if it would hurt his party in the least; that there was no hope from either of the present political parties, and recommended women to know no party—not to confess themselves Republicans nor Democrats, but only women suffragists."

Mrs. Hazlett, at the same convention, expressed a similar idea in the following felicitous way:

"On the evening preceding the last election I went to hear a speech by Ex-Governor Blair. It consisted of a glowing review of the history of the Republican party, the good it had accomplished, the laurels it had won. And he reached the climax by saying: 'And that party has crowned all by placing the ballot in the hand of every free citizen of the United States.' I looked down at my ballotless hands, and said in my heart, 'Then, according to Ex-Governor Blair and the Republican party, I am not a free citizen; no woman is a free citizen.' And if not free, what word will express our condition. Alas, there is no middle ground between freedom and slavery. A Democratic meeting was being held across the street, and I said to my husband, 'The history of the Republican party does not interest me; let me go over and hear the record of the Democrats.' We went. As we entered the hall a speaker was saying, 'Old issues are dead. Every American citizen is free, and has the ballot in his hand.' Again I looked at my powerless hands, and I am sure you will pardon me if I acknowledge that something very like bitterness arose in my heart at seeing the two great political

parties of the day thus openly and unblushingly, in the presence of any woman, ignoring their very existence, still more their existence as free citizens."

It seems to us that the above extracts indicate a much better policy for women to pursue toward the two great political parties of the country—a policy which keeps us aloof from both, until they shall recognize our rights—that the very different policy which Mrs. Livermore indicates when she says, "I am a Republican," and which Miss Edgerton re-echoes when she replies, "I am a Democrat."

The two parties are composed exclusively of men. They both alike ignore, not only the rights, but even the existence, of women. Why, then, should women be willing to say, "We belong to a party that neither gives us our rights nor acknowledges our existence?" It will be time enough for us to be Republicans when the Republican party admits women, as it admits negroes, into its body politic; and it will be time enough for us to be Democrats when the Democratic party declares itself in favor of the sixteenth amendment.

THE LADIES' ART RECEPTION.

Scarcely enough can be said in praise of the cosy, delightful little reception given by the Ladies' Art Association, in their pretty sky parlor at the top of Clinton Hall, on the afternoon of Dec. 17th. The place—half reception-room half studio—had about it just that air of ease and refinement which only feminine taste and feminine fingers can impart. The pictures, works of the lady artists, were hung in a capital light. The crowd was not too dense to enable everybody to comfortably examine the pictures. There was very good music discoursed upon the piano. There was plenty of room to move and breath in, and plenty of agreeable people to chat with, and in fact all the objectionable features of larger and more ostentatious art gatherings were somehow happily avoided.

The lady artists were of course out in force, and a very agreeable animated looking set of people they are. There were enough lords of creation sprinkled about to make a pleasant variety. Most of them were devotees of the brush and palette, or literary news-gatherers.

The pictures on exhibition indicated that a great advance has been made by our lady artists within the last year or two.

This excellent little art organization itself, may have had much to do in stimulating effort. As much faithful conscientious work was shown as would probably be seen in an exhibition of the same size of the works of men. There were a few pretentious canvases principally noticeable by their size. Among these may be mentioned, Miss M. L. Wagner's "October day on the Hudson," which is too much blurred to give the effect of true haze, and Mrs. Oakes' "View from Chamounie," a feeble effort to grapple with a mighty theme. The place of honor was accorded to a picture by Mrs. Lillie M. Spencer, portraying a young girl with a large leaf in the form of a hood coquettishly shading her face. The picture is full of energy and fine color effects, but the position of the figure is awkward and the foreshortening of one of the arms unpleasantly marked. A better specimen of what Mrs. Spencer can do in embodying the archness and piquancy of childhood and early youth was shown in another picture, which we believe has been chromoed. Mrs. Perry, the

wife of the editor of the *Home Journal*, exhibited two ideal female heads called, respectively, "Consuelo" and "Heavenward." One is the impersonation of genius as it glows in and animates a countenance of expressive beauty, the other is the innocent aspiration of a pure and perhaps unawakened soul filled with the rapture of devotion. The sentiment is so appealing that one does not stop to criticize Mrs. Perry's pictures. They may not be faultless, but they do us good, and impart a rare kind of artistic pleasure.

Miss Mary L. Stone, one of the most promising and assiduous of our young lady artists exhibited a picture, pleasing in tone and color, of two children and a hand-organ called, if we mistake not, "One more turn." A more noticeable work by the same artist was a powerful head, drawn from life, which shows that Miss Stone need not, unless she chooses, dabble upon the boarders of art, but may boldly plunge in and grapple with forcible subjects.

Miss Mary Kollock, who is always pleasing in the little morsels which she exhibits, had a particularly fine study of the Cape Ann Shore, and one or two other bits of landscape. Mrs. H. A. Loop was represented by a carefully furnished portrait, and Harriet Lane by a conscientious little study of fruit. One of the sweetest little pictures in the exhibition was an illustration by Miss Remington of the flowers which Ophelia scatters in her plaintive monologue.

Did space permit, we should be glad to notice in detail other works that ought not to be passed over with a mere mention. Among them were pictures by Mrs. H. P. Gray, Mrs. Van Norman, Miss Cook, Miss Dunlevy, and half a score of others. We learned that easels can be hired in the room permanently occupied by the Association at very reasonable rates. The efforts of these lady artists deserve the encouragement and support of all those who wish to see art flourish in our city.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

There is a custom among some reformatory journals of filling their pages half a dozen times a year with solid reports of public meetings, containing all the proceedings, and particularly all the speeches.

We have once or twice done this in THE REVOLUTION, but in each case to our regret. We shall rarely do it again.

Sometimes a speech is of sufficient importance to be printed in full—as when THE REVOLUTION was the first of American journals to print a report sent by our London correspondence, of the address of Keshub Chunder Sen on the Woman Question in India. But, as a general rule, we prefer that our friends who send us reports of their State or local organizations, or even of their great public anniversaries, would give us just the cream, the essence, the distilled aroma of the occasion—not its linked sweetness long drawn out.

A good old Methodist editor once told us that he every week received obituary notices enough to fill his paper, even if he should print nothing else. In like manner, we could sometimes fill half THE REVOLUTION (and very unedifyingly) with the sensible but dry proceedings of public meetings.

We aim to make a passing chronicle of every memorable gathering which the good cause brings together. But brevity is the soul of wit. So, in sending us your reports, good friends, please pack them like pennmican.

WOMEN MEDICAL STUDENTS AND THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

It is said that Queen Victoria, by the marked disapproval she has manifested in regard to allowing female students to graduate in the medical schools of the Edinburgh University, has injured somewhat her popularity, which before was a little shaky. It is considered ungenerous that she should interfere against her own sex.

There are defeats that amount to victories, and as much may be said of the recent contest over the graduation question, which was lost by a vote of one. Such a trifling majority shows what the temper of the University is; and we have every reason to believe that the professor of physiology, the champion of the ladies, is not likely to give in when the odds against him is so insignificant. He has flung his banner to the breeze with the grand sentiment: "Science has nothing to do with sex, only with human intellect;" and in answer to his opponents, who stated that the experiment of mixed medical classes had been tried at Zurich and Vienna with disastrous effects, he declared that he himself "had lectured to ladies on the most delicate details of his course, without bringing a blush into their cheeks or his own, and that the presence or absence of women would not have influenced himself or his audience in the least. In anatomy the female students, he said, had turned out the most artistic dissectors imaginable, and in surgery there were operations in which the feminine hand would spare nerves and arteries which the clumsier male would sever to the suffering of the patient; and it would be a great pity, he thought, if the services women were capable of rendering to the healing art should be lost to the public through the prudery of certain falsely-modest professors."

These declarations figuratively pouted hot shot into the camp of the enemy, until the contest has excited the greatest interest in the minds of the English people. The record of the lady students is, so far as we can learn, admirable. The miserable system of red tape which allowed women to enroll themselves as students, but would not admit them to the prizes of the University, was put to the test last Easter by one of the ladies, who competed for and won a scholarship, which the faculty meanly withheld.

In spite of the express disapproval of the highest lady in the land, we look forward to the day when the University of Edinburgh will become the Gravelotte and Sedan of old fogeyism, and science enlisted in behalf of woman shall be victorious.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

The Albany *Evening Times*, advises THE REVOLUTION to consider, with closest attention, Miss Burdett Coutts' letter, wherein she declines the honor of becoming a candidate for the election to the London School Board. Now we have been induced to attentively scan the above mentioned letter, both from the great respect which we entertain for Miss Coutts, because of her magnificent and wide spread charities, and from a desire to learn the grounds on which she based her refusal.

With all due deference to the lady, it seems to us that her arguments amount to no arguments at all. They resolve themselves simply into prejudices. She says, "I entertain a

strong opinion that the presence of a lady could only be an embarrassment to the discussions that must take place in the Board," but she does not tell us why she entertains this opinion, or in what particular way the presence of women is likely to interfere with the discussion of subjects in which women have quite as deep and vital an interest as men, and perhaps are better fitted to comprehend in all their bearings.

She does say further on, however, in some what vague phraseology, that "at least for the present the School Board will have to deal more with administrative questions than with those on which a woman's influence and experience could be of most avail." Now it appears to us that it is on just these administrative questions where the weight of woman's influence and experience is most needed. Perhaps there is not another person in the whole city of London so admirably adapted by special training and long investigation of educational subjects to help make the laws governing schools, whereby a wise basis of instruction shall be laid as Miss Emily Davies. We are told, rather exultingly, that sex had nothing to do with her election, and we are glad so to be told. The time has come when society cannot afford to thrust aside distinctive talent as great as her's, even if it does belong to a woman.

The whole gist of Miss Coutts' opposition is summed up in the following sentence: "As I shall regret to see women elected for the office, I could not of course allow myself to be nominated." Now, it appears to us that Miss Coutts was in duty bound to state on what grounds she based such a decided opposition to the holding of office by women. We suspect, like thousands of others committed by wealth and high position to the maintenance of conservative principles, she has no good and logical reason to render. Her opposition is more a matter of taste and culture than a strongly welded chain of reasoning.

Her experiences of electioneering life, she tells us, during her father's life were not happy; and she thinks it would be unfortunate for women to engage in that peculiar form of strife. She hastily concludes that women must of necessity adopt the same methods of political action as men. The experiment which has been practically made in Wyoming Territory proves exactly the reverse of this. Many of the objectionable features of electioneering have been softened by the presence of women. Men at the polls have assumed that courtesy of demeanor which association with women always exacts, and the terrible bugbear of demoralization has become the thinnest and most intangible fantasy.

—It appears that one Miss Fejervary, of Davenport, Iowa, has prosecuted a Mr. Rennick for slander and defamation of character; and the said Rennick being pushed to the wall has been obliged to acknowledge that the report he had helped to circulate was malicious and slanderous, without the slightest cause, excuse, or pretext. We are glad if such things must be that it was a man, and not a woman, who was proved guilty of taking away the fair fame of this spirited and courageous woman. Women are constantly accused of blackening and defaming each other's characters; and it is well to let the world see that men sometimes take part in this detestable business.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Nothing more cheering has come to our hands during these golden December days than the annual report of the condition and work of the University of Michigan. The clear and lucid statement of facts which acting President Frieze lays before his readers will go far to silence the voice of the carper concerning the dangers attending the co-education of the sexes. The report says:

"The generous system of education to which our State is committed necessarily pledges to its daughters, as well as to its sons, the highest as well as the most elementary education, free of charge. We have already ceased to fear the dangers which were apprehended from this action, and which constituted the chief argument against it—the loss of reputation and caste among universities, the decline of scholarship, and the corruption of morals."

Instead of declining in scholarship, the University has actually raised its standard higher than ever during the past year. Moses Coit Tyler, in a letter to the *Nation*, bears witness to this fact as follows:

"On all hands comes in testimony from our professors that on these grounds better recitations have never been made, and in the severest studies than have been made by the ladies. So far are they from injuring scholarship here, that by their earnestness and fidelity they are, if anything, stimulating it; and their presence is beginning to give to all utterances in the class-rooms just that delicacy, that civil, chaste, and humane tone, which the recognition of women among the readers of books has been giving to English literature during the last hundred years."

The bugbear of moral corruption attendant upon the meeting of young men and maidens in the class-room, to vie with each other in intellectual exercises and recitations, has vanished out of sight. Listen to Professor Tyler on the working of the system in this direction. He says:

"Our young men are a loud-junged, a hearty and a jubilant set of fellows; and, so far as I can see, they are in no respect subdued by the presence of their fair fellow-students. They still indulge, on occasion, about as usual in cat-calls and whistling and the rollicking horse play so natural to a huge crowd of masculine persons free from care, in good health, with a tyrannous perception of the judicious, and fond of lingering on the foggy confines of big-boyishness. At the same time, in anything which directly concerns the ladies—their convenience in sitting, or in passing in and out of lectures and recitations—there is a very perceptible and never-failing chivalry; and I am sure that were a rude act to be done to any one of these gentle disciples it would be swiftly avenged, in the most direful manner, by the whole body of the students. We think that in all this we already see an influence that is worth having bearing steadily in the direction of raising and refining the tone of manliness, without in the least weakening it. There is still among us, undoubtedly, a generous supply of boorishness; but it shows some cheering symptoms of intending to try to get up its first blush."

On the whole, we are rather glad the cat-calls and whistling have not been abolished, for if they had been, somebody would have been found ready to declare that the presence of the lady students was taking the spirits out of the young male Michiganders. Fun is such a good, sweet, wholesome thing, we should be sorry to have it killed by too strict an observance of decorum. "Hazing," and all such detestable practices, have nothing to do with this delightful spirit of frolic that girls and boys can to a great extent indulge together; and we believe the introduction of young women into our colleges and higher institutions of learning will be the readiest means of doing away with those barbarisms which call simple brutality by the name of fun.

The Michigan University has some admirable peculiarities which have rendered the admission of women comparatively easy. As Professor Tyler expresses it:

"For some years back, this university has positively declined either to keep a boarding-house or to take in washing, or even to have unfurnished apartments to let; and, consequently, all its members, finding their homes among the families of our citizens, are kept in constant contact with the normal life of civilized communities of men and women."

The great male hives which are tacked on to most of our Eastern universities, isolated as they are from the healthy influences of homes, unblessed by womanly taste, culture, and refinement, must necessarily, in many instances, become kennels of filth and vice. We hope the day will come speedily which shall see them demolished.

The gravest doubts and fears concerning the co-education of the sexes, having already been set to rest during the past year by the admission of thirty young women into his university, President Frieze now complains of want of room, and lack of means for carrying out much needed improvements, by additions to old buildings and the erection of new ones. We hope the Legislature of the State will respond to the appeal which he makes for an appropriation, and that it may be liberal enough to raise the university of Michigan up to the first place among our institutions of learning.

A LITTLE BIT OF ADVICE.

The New York *Star* has a peculiarity of its own, which it evidently considers funny, whereby women reformers are dubbed "crowing hens." Having a gift for calling names—and for little else as take away its talent for abuse there would be only the smallest sediment of editorial mud remaining, all will admit—it goes on to perpetrate a joke about "wild women" and the "weird seven sisters," who rant and rave, shriek and wail, for their rights; even draws a picture of the sisterhood, with their highly pitched tones, trying to vie with the roar of the father of cataracts.

Now it is putting it mildly to say that we do not recognize, in the women engaged in this reform, any resemblance to the frightful pen pictures which the *Star* delights to draw. We do not believe in shrieking on the stage or off of it. We deal in sound logic and incontrovertible facts; and when the *Star*, and papers of that stripe, cannot find a grain of wit and right reason with which to answer us, they resort to bad words to cover their chagrin. We always know when our detractors are unusually free in the use of billingsgate, that they have been hit hard; somebody or other has struck straight out from the shoulder.

In a confidential and friendly spirit, we desire to offer a little bit of advice to those editors who really wish to do us harm. We would say to them, from a purely benevolent and self-sacrificing motive, if you wish to do us grievous despite, don't spread on detraction quite so thick; don't be quite so low and vulgar in your methods of attack; don't, in fact, overdo the thing, and whet public curiosity concerning the indescribable monstrosities that compose the ranks of woman's rights advocates. For, allow us to say, that in this manner you only induce people to inquire what manner of creature the woman's rights woman is, as there is a most provoking and unjustifiable tendency in the human mind to investigate for itself. So you see, when people come in this spirit, expecting to find a hybrid something that Nature never thought

of when men and women were first planned,

and find instead very human women, with sweet, kind faces and gentle voices, and hearts brimming over with good will and benevolence—creatures, in fact, entirely devoid of claws and hoofs, with a sensible and hearty love of the beautiful and an entire devotion to the true; some of whom, like Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Mary Jane Owens, have created the most lovely and perfect homes, they are apt to go away with their hearts softened and their prejudices very much reduced in size and bristliness, so to speak.

Now to speak you fair, Messrs. Editors: when the spirit of hate is upon you, and there is no David near to lay the spell, wait; don't rush into print; take a shower-bath, or walk over a mile of bad road to take the venom out of you; for, be sure, if you scorn this bit of disinterested advice, as we see beforehand that you will, you will "o'erleap the saddle and fall on the other side."

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN.

There is no fallacy more common than that which cherishes the belief that a genius for writing is a wild, way-side product, which can be turned into good money of the republic without much care or culture. Very young men and women share this delusion in about the same degree; but now that women are beginning to be felt as a power in journalism, impetuous young ladies from all parts of the country essay to earn their bread and butter by cudgeling the brains and inking the fingers, until editors' drawers, pigeon-holes and waste-baskets grow plethoric with rejected manuscripts.

Wishing to preach good, plain commonsense to women, to advise them ever for the best, to suggest practical methods of self-help, we feel it our duty to urge the majority of girls now sending off their maiden verses and essays on the sly to city editors, or finding a modest nook for themselves in a corner of the village paper, to abandon the idea of securing an independence at the point of the pen. Many can, and do, supplement a scanty income by writing occasional verses and stories, but only comparatively few earn enough by literary work to meet all the expenses of living, and fewer still to secure the luxuries and elegancies of life. Young girls are dazzled by hearing that Fanny Fern makes her thousands yearly by writing brief articles for the *Ledger*, but they forget that Fanny Fern has a peculiarly pungent, idiosyncratic talent, of which there is very little in the country, and she is paid accordingly, while probably the talent they possess may be weighed by the ton and measured by the acre.

Journalism, viewed by these girls, is a delightful, rose-colored thing, which is to bring fame and money, besides perfect satisfaction, for the heart-burning to find expression. Now the real facts concerning literary work, stripped of all romance, differ as much from this picture as darkness from light. It is, in perhaps a majority of cases, the merest drudgery, the result of an endless grind, the barest, plainest, least romantic round of toil, that saps the strength and energies as nothing else can.

Mary Mitford, from the depth of her weariness, cried out that if she could earn as much money scrubbing floors as writing articles she would gladly choose the former occupation. These are the plain, bare, unvarnished facts

regarding literary labor. No work depends for its excellence so entirely upon right conditions of mind and body, and yet no work must be more regularly and methodically produced; nor in any profession is maintenance so precarious. There are many writers who, perhaps, during the year earn considerable sums of money, and yet who would be willing to accept much smaller sums upon which they could count with certainty.

In view of these facts, and many others which might be brought forward, and in view of the few large pecuniary prizes literature has to offer, and the difficulty of attaining them, we urge young women to turn their attention to other professions. Among these, stenography, short-hand reporting, offers excellent inducements to industrious, persevering girls. The method of learning is somewhat slow and tedious, but involves nothing but what patience and a fair degree of intelligence can master.

We are told that a young woman who is qualified to copy out and transcribe law reports, taken down in this way, can earn easily from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week, which is more than many accomplished writers ever succeed in earning regularly. The knowledge requisite to fit young women for this work can be acquired in a year or less. A lady now advertises to give lessons in this art in one of the rooms of the Mercantile Library Building in this city; and there are other experienced stenographers who will take pupils. Telegraphy is another field, and book-keeping another.

Any woman thoroughly competent to do work of this kind can scarcely fail of employment at good prices. There are many things which fit women admirably for accountants; and we hope one day to see them taking hold of the practical work of the world in a way to insure, not only competency, but wealth.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

We, the undersigned, desiring to secure a full discussion of the question of the enfranchisement of woman during the present session of Congress, with a view to the speedy passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, invite all men and women desiring this change in the Constitution to meet us in convention for that purpose in the city of Washington on the 11th and 12th of January next. Eminent speakers will be present from all parts of the country, including several members of Congress, and plans of work will be presented and discussed.

We earnestly urge you, dear friends, to come together at this time in a spirit of unselfishness and of hard work, and let us take one another by the hand and move onward as never before.

PAULINA W. DAVIS,
JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

N. B.—All letters concerning this convention may be addressed to

MRS. ISABELLA B. HOOKER,
Hartford, Conn.

(Friendly editors, please copy.)

CHEAP DEVOTION.—The lady who falls in love with and follows all over the country eminent actors and actresses, can be hired by the season at about twenty-five dollars a month and board.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

We imagine the shiver of nerves our Boston friends must experience, if they read the exchanges, to be told, after all the sacrifices they have made to expediency, that it is in vain for them "to disclaim responsibility for the utterances of Mrs. Stanton and her supporters." That

"They intend no such outcome to their work, but unfortunately they have started a movement whose results they cannot control. Logic and the laws of nature will not be set aside for the convenience of those who have well-meaningly blundered. A corrupt tree, although planted with a benediction and watered with honest tears, will stubbornly bring forth evil fruit."

We will not name the paper from which we clipped the above, as we do not wish to advertise it in our columns. But it is really too bad, after all the disclaiming, and protesting, and washing of hands, and shaking off of dust from the feet, that the members of the other branch of the woman movement should suffer such despoil. It was bad enough to abandon principle and take the ground of policy, but now to know that it was all in vain, that some of the evil and accursed taint still clings to their skirts, that the mysterious and horrible thing of which Mrs. Stanton is accused still persists in taking up its abode under the shadow of the *Woman's Journal*, is to be hit very hard. This is selling one's birthright for a mess of potage, and then not getting the potage, having it snatched away, and dashed down at one's feet.

What is the use of toiling and striving to put oneself right before the public, if this is to be the outcome? If the public is to see straight through our shams and subterfuges, and to inform us that our labor has been in vain, that nobody has been deceived, that everybody sees just what we have tried so strenuously to conceal?

JUSTICE VERSUS LOVE.

Women have been taught, through all the past, that the great and priceless treasure of man's love would make up to them for the disabilities of distinctive womanhood. In this way compensation was to be made, and the balance struck between the exceptionally fortunate condition of man and the exceptionally unfortunate condition of woman.

The doctrine for women was, to give all—body and soul, will and energy, time and thought—absolutely, unrestrictedly; and for men, in return for this splendid, lavish, magnificent present, give love, only love.

In this way, through long ages, the longing and sighing for love have stifled in woman's bosom the demand for justice. She has been taught that the more unconditional her surrender to this principle the more favor she would receive from heaven. This teaching has dwarfed and warped, belittled and cramped her whole nature; and the revolt which women are now making against traditional customs and methods of education had its inception in a glimmering idea of what justice is—that without it there is no basis for character, no perception of truth.

Women at last have dug down to justice, and they find that it buttresses the whole universe. Take it away, and there is nothing but a show of things remaining. They are beginning to ask themselves whether this principle can safely be eliminated from any of the relations of life; whether man's capricious and uncertain gift of love can compensate for the

terrible wrongs they suffer when justice is denied them; and the answer sent back from thousands of thinking women is, emphatically and indignantly, no.

A new love creed is now ripe for adoption. It declares that love is worthless when not based on justice. The province which has so long been abandoned to the caprices of sentiment is itself to be subjected to that crucial analysis, that modern spirit, which weighs and measures every region of thought and every relation of life.

The new creed says the demands shall not be all on one side, and the concessions all on the other. Such a hideous doctrine only fosters the practical belief in man's ownership of woman. It says that demands and concessions shall be equal; that an enlightened woman's right to control herself shall be sacredly observed. This new principle calls for a discipline of manhood such as never before was dreamed of; it calls for an education of the consciences of women which shall cause them to turn from honeyed love, be it ever so sweet, ever so intoxicating, breathing its soul out in sighs while weaving a silken chain to bind the will and fetter the free motions of the wife.

The symbolical garlands which Cupid twined about the hymeneal altar of old were only prettily disguised chains to be hung upon the limbs of the bride. Man has always snapped the bonds at his own free will and pleasure, and walked forth free master of his own lordly self, while as soon as the flowers withered the chains began to weigh upon the woman's body and soul. We will have no more garlands at our wedding-feasts which cover chains. They shall henceforth be made of innocent, harmless roses, with no sinister badge of slavery lurking underneath.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Punch is not always funny, and the *Tribune* cannot always be malignant on the woman question, partly from the fact that occasions do occur when the most active spirit of misrepresentation finds a plentiful lack of material on which to expend itself. We can imagine the chuckle with which the smallest evidence of indecorous behavior, on the part of the women voters at the late London election, would have been received by our worthy contemporary; but, as Mrs. Bullard expresses it, the ladies walked to the polls in mannerly fashion, and deposited their votes as if they had been dropping a letter into a box in the postoffice. As no disturbance, however slight, occurred, to be taken up, twisted and distorted by unfriendly critics, the *Tribune* must fain go without its nuts this time.

We recognize how deep its chagrin is, by one of those goody, half-way, compromising little sentences which it gets off in moments of extreme disappointment: "Choosing a woman," it says, "as a school-officer is not so very shocking after all." Now it is too bad to be treated to such a platitude as this, after all the pungent, satirical, wicked things which have been served up to us from the same quarter on the woman question.

This will never do; this looks like decrepitude. We must really keep the *Tribune* in nuts in order to preserve its soul alive, even if we have to furnish them at our own individual expense. What we complain of most is the size of its maw. It demands a great many to be preserved in such a state of robust vigor that a felicitously wicked article on the woman question can be produced each day.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are pleased to be able to inform the friends and readers of **THE REVOLUTION** that we can, during the ensuing year, furnish them our own paper, with one or more of the popular periodicals of the day, at the following easy rates:

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NEWS FROM THE DOOMED CAPITAL.

The following letter from Paris, lately received by Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, of Providence, will be read with interest:

PARIS, RUE NOLLET 92, Sept. 20, 1870.

Dear Madam: I burnt the answer I had written to you under the shameful government now fallen, and whose crimes and treasons extorted from me cries of despair for the ruin they have brought on our country.

I thank you for the generous sympathy you express towards us in our great woe. Your honored names have been blessed for this by French hearts.

We are now already relieved; and though our actual peril is none the less, we are in possession of our own force. We are rid of the despicable robbers of our honor, our fortune, and our lives; and in the most terrible situation, energy is a consolation and a support. Better is it to die with honor than live dishonored.

How happy you are to be born on a soil not infested by monarchical roots! They are like dog-grass, which springs up again and again, nurtured by the ignorance of our rural population.

What experience! So complete! So plain! And, however, when the Prussians shall have been driven away, we may have civil struggles to fear from the conspiracies of that detested monarchy. What avails experience to the blind?

I forwarded immediately your letter to George Sand. Accept my heartfelt thanks for your fraternal invitation to me. Yes; you are right; our hearts are wholly absorbed here, and no place is ours but Paris in this hour of supreme struggle and sacrifice. We shall be with you in thought only, dear sisters—you the pioneers of female emancipation. But this crisis here will not be useless for the cause. The women of Paris are noble and courageous. One may hear them in every group encouraging the men to desperate resistance! Everywhere they form societies for the relief of the distressed and the wounded. Many have petitioned for the revolution, and have instigated men to the accomplishment of it. Many will take share in the defense, and fight—yea, fight with all the means that desperation lends, should the struggle reach our streets. The women of Toul and Verdun have already stood this test of courage. Men feel now how necessary the co-operation of their sisters is, and after the crisis I hope they will not forget it.

But it is better that woman herself should learn to have a will, an action, a passion in public affairs; and this disposition will doubtless continue to increase, as it has done for the last two years.

Hail! dear and valiant sisters, and blessed be your work, in which my heart and many of those around me unite.

ANDRE LEO.

Madame Paulina W. Davis, and Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Ernestine L. Rose, Samuel J. May, C. J. H. Nichols.

—Mrs. Mary J. Owen writes us from New Harmony as follows:

“During the heat of last summer I prepared with care an address, in which I endeavored to show that our domestic and family life is much more likely to be invaded and destroyed under the present restrictive system than under one of justice and freedom. I delivered the lecture at six of the principal towns in the State, and I hope did some good. If my health permits, I intend to do a little more in the same way in the spring.

Miscellany.

ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

The readers of rural and religious journals of fifteen years ago first noted the appearance in the “Poets’ Corner” of poetical effusions from the pens of Alice and Phoebe Cary. Of course the general inquiry was, “Who are they?” A short time sufficed to answer this question, however, and it was found that the new literary stars were the daughters of an energetic, well-to-do farmer of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Robert Cary, being a Universalist, the two daughters, naturally enough, contributed the major part of their literary productions to the papers and periodicals of that denomination. These were extensively copied, and soon gained a wide popularity. Alice was at this time thirty-five and Phoebe thirty years of age. In a brief biographical sketch, an esteemed friend of the Carys gives it as his opinion that for the first ten years they received no remuneration whatever for their contributions other than the satisfaction of being read and heard. Through the influence of their friend—who is no other than the “philosopher of the *Tribune*”—the spring of 1850 witnessed their removal from their rural home, “Cloverbrook,” to New York city, where they have ever since resided—only permitting themselves to escape the brick-and-mortar whirl of the “American Babel,” during the summer months, for a hasty visit to their friend, the beloved poet, Whittier, and a short stay among the mountains of Western Massachusetts. Meanwhile their works were read throughout the land, and the approbation of the reading public, combined with the innumerable panegyrics of the press, secured for the young authors what they justly deserved—fame and fortune. Now publishers were eager to publish and pay for the merest bit of a poem from either of their pens, while the effusions of other aspiring poets, perhaps equally meritorious, were doomed to the editorial waste basket.

Alice and Phoebe Cary’s first decided literary venture was a joint volume of their poems, most of which were republished from the various newspapers and periodicals to which they had contributed, and which was published in Philadelphia in 1850, some months previous to their removal to New York. And though it is generally believed that the result, pecuniarily, was rather discouraging, I think its publication must have been as happy and important an event to its authors, as was the publication of the “Fern Leaves” to the witty and vivacious Fanny Fern, or “Greenwood Leaves” to the charming Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*.

Well, a year passed on, and the opening of another brought Alice’s first series of “Cloverbrook Papers.” This volume was made up of prose sketches of observation and experience, touching upon every phase of human nature. The highest success attended the advent of this and the second series, issued in 1853. Then followed “The Cloverbrook Children,” a book for juveniles, (as its name denotes,) written by Alice, and published by the house of Tickner & Field, which was as fully appreciated, and which met with as great success as the foregoing volumes, both in England and America; and so highly successful was a later volume, entitled “Lyra and other Poems,” by the same author, and published by J. S. Redfield, in 1853, that an augmented edition, including Redfield’s edition, was issued by Tickner & Fields in 1855.

Miss Cary’s first novel, “Hager; a Story of To-day,” written for and appearing as a serial in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was again introduced to the public in book form, in 1862; “Married, not Mated,” four years later, and her last, “The Bishop’s Son,” was issued by Carleton, of New York, in 1867. Each of these last-named volumes received a hearty welcome from the press and the public; though the pecuniary result of their publication is said to have been far less encouraging than that of the same author’s poems and prose sketches. Until quite recently, Phoebe filled the editorial chair of the organ of woman suffrage, the *Revolution*, of New York. Apart from her labors in this direction, she has found a little time to write, taking upon herself the manage-

ment of domestic duties, thus affording her talented sister the greater portion of her time for the pleasant pursuit of literature.

During the last few years, the Carys have contributed largely to the mammoth publications, the *Atlantic*, *Harper’s*, the *Independent*, and the *New York Ledger*. And “a wonder it seemeth” to many, that Alice, in an erratic state of health, accomplishes such an amount of literary labor.—*N. Y. Globe*.

A NEW MUSICAL STAR.

The debut of Miss Vienna Demorest, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on the 10th inst., proved a most flattering success. To a naturally fine soprano voice, this young lady has added the advantage of superior culture, and in her rendering of the aria, “I will extol Thee, O, Lord!” from the oratorio of “Eli,” she fully sustained her claims to popular favor in the musical world. As a musical composer, Miss Demorest has already won for herself warm commendation; but the last, and most flattering compliment bestowed upon this young artist, is the recognition of her talents by Nilsson. The only piece of music yet accepted by the Swedish songstress in this country is, “Birdie,” a song composed expressly for her by Miss Demorest, and which she will sing on her return to this city.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Speculations about the probable date of the world’s destruction are ridiculous. When a man dies, that’s the end of the world to him; and if the reader of this paragraph is troubled with a bad cough, cold, or sore throat, or difficulty of breathing, hoarseness, or any affection of the bronchial tubes, the best thing he can do is to postpone the fatal event indefinitely by a prompt resort to *Hale’s Honey of Horchow and Tar*, which will assuredly prevent the complaint from terminating in consumption, and soon restore his respiratory system to a vigorous condition. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and \$1. Large size much the cheapest.

—A crime such as the following is so atrocious that it would be incredible were it not for the fact that men and women are as nearly like devils as like angels: It is alleged that last week at Haverhill, Massachusetts, a man named Martin B. Tabor, a special policeman, raped a girl of fourteen years of age, being assisted by his wife in committing the crime. The circumstances of the case are too revolting to be recited, but if they are as given by the Lawrence *Sentinel*, lynch law would almost seem justifiable. Mr. Charles J. Noyes, one of the ablest of the young lawyers of Massachusetts, conducts the case for the government, and it is to be hoped will conduct it in such a way that the villain will undergo the direst penalty of the law.

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.—*Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup* is the only thing that mothers can rely upon for their children. It corrects acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. During the process of teething, its value is incalculable. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain, thereby giving rest to the child and comfort to the mother.

—Anna Dickinson has for her friend and constant companion Miss Fanny Edmunds.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the *Medico Chirurgical Review* on the subject of the EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that *no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable, as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.*

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too genteel to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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A REAL AMAZON.

An East Prussian paper gives some particulars of the female soldier whose passage through Berlin was recently noticed. Her name is Bertha Weiss. She was born at Schonburg, and educated at a respectable establishment at Raguit. She soon, however, evinced a singular preference for manly attire, and acted as civilian servant to a captain of the sixty-ninth regiment at Treves, with whose family he had occasion to make long journeys to the South. Her good conduct induced her master to provide for her further education, so that she was competent to pass the ensign's examination. Shortly before the war, provided with a recommendation from the captain, and without being subjected to a strict surgical examination, she entered his regiment, and took part in the battle of Spicheron. Transferred to the Crown Prince's regiment, she succeeded in the battle of Gravelotte, first alone, and afterwards supported by two of our men, in recovering the flag of the sixteenth infantry regiment, which had been seized by the French. She received in this exploit four bullet wounds, one of which, in the knee, disabled her from walking. She received from Prince Frederick Charles for her bravery the second class of the Iron Cross, as well as an autograph certificate couched in the most flattering terms. She is therein styled Bernard von Weiss, and is granted a furlough. The lady is twenty-four years of age, and has prepossessing features.

HELBOLD'S BUCHU.—Among the many advertised remedies, none more fully and faithfully carry out all that is claimed for them than the above-named deservedly popular medicine. As a curative power for all diseases of the kidneys, female weakness, dyspepsia and other complaints consequent upon irregular habits, there is said to be nothing to equal it, and as a proof of this, regular physicians in New York City and elsewhere are freely recommending it for diseases as above-mentioned, while at no time during the eighteen years it has been in existence, has its sale been as rapid as now. Like every good article, this as well has imitators; so parties buying should be sure to ask for and get none other but that known as Helbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu—*Springfield Journal*.

—The editor of an exchange paper facilitates himself on the fact that sex had nothing to do with the election of Miss Emily Davies on the London School Board, but that her triumph was secured simply by reason of a very peculiar aptitude for the duties of the Board. In such cases, we are more than willing that sex should be left out of sight.

—The acting Register of Deeds in Waubunsee county is a lady, Miss Lizzie S. Burt. The Register himself, being called away by other business, Miss Burt "runs" the office to general acceptance. The records for the past six months, kept in a female hand, are said to present an elegant appearance.

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In *General Debility and Nervous Complaints* it's use will be the source of new life, new hope, new pleasures.

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BOSTON, July 19.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—For many months my hair has been falling off until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

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With respect,

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A disturbance occurred on Friday week, at the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, amongst a number of the medical students attending the classes there. About four o'clock—the hour when the female students enter the college—upwards of one hundred students congregated at the gates, and jostled the ladies in an unseemly way. The gates were closed in their faces, and it was some time ere the janitor was able to admit them. As they entered the class-rooms they were cheered and hissed by the students. A number of them were afterwards taken into custody by the police, but were admitted to bail.

The committee of management of the Cambridge (England) Lectures for Women have announced that an exhibition of £40 per annum, tenable for two years, will be given to one of the senior candidates (girls) in the Cambridge local examinations, December, 1870, according to the report of the examiners. The exhibition, which is given by Mr. J. S. Mill and Miss Taylor, will be awarded in February next. The committee also offer two exhibitions of £20 and £10, respectively, to successful candidates in the women's examination in July.

The Bishop of Manchester, Eng., at the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, said he was anxious to keep the proper functions of men and women distinct, and could not sanction the attempt being made to intrude women upon functions which did not belong to them, such as politics and medicine. The frivolous woman was bad enough, but the fast woman was bringing society to the ground. Several speakers replied to his lordship.

A story is told of a lady in a French railway car who was asked whether the smoking of a cigar was offensive to her, replied that she did not know, as no gentleman had ever smoked in her presence.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

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Mrs. Child, in a letter to the *National Standard* of Nov. 12, 1870, says of these portraits: "I hope the prints now issued will sell so extensively that Mr. Prang will be induced to publish another a pendant to it, in which Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Abby Kelley, Mrs. Angelina Weld, Caroline M. Sevrance and Gail Hamilton will be represented. Doctor Harriet K. Hunt also deserves an honorable place among 'Representative women.'"

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The picture represents a nurse writing a letter at the dictation of a sick soldier, who is lying on a cot under the shade of a large tree.

The letter by Mrs. Child, quoted above, speaks of it as follows: "It is a very impressive picture, prophetic of the future grandeur of our country, and of our over-awing force." It says more plainly than words could say it, that so long as man is uncivilized enough to keep up the barbarism of war, woman has a work to perform in the tented field as arduous as his, and far more elevated in its character. I wish every soldier wounded in defense of the Union could have a copy of this picture, as a true representation of the most sacred mission of his life in camp."

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